

VERSES-

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GRAVE and GAY

compiled by
GUY CHOATE

24

Verses

Grave and
Gay

A Verse for Everyone



Selected and Arranged by
GUY CHOATE
Los Angeles



1917

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By Guy Choate

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No 1

**TO THE READERS OF MY
LITTLE BOOK**

which consists of a miscellaneous collection of old and a few new Poems gathered here and there from time to time as they appealed to me, you will find, I'm sure, sentiment enough in one or more of them to make this little book a token to each and every one of you.

Acknowledgement has been given all known Authors, and apologies offered to those unknown.

—GUY CHOATE.

My Wish

If I were permitted to wish today,
And to have that wish come true, I'd say
"Deck me in trousers and give me a grip,
And the sweets of the land I'll surely sip;
Give me a long mileage ticket, and see
What a wonderful traveling man I'll be.

"Give me a smile like a 'drummer's' smile,
That is always bright and free from guile;
Give me his laugh, with its music grand
That would silence with envy an angel band;
Clothe me in innocence, simple and pure—
Just like a 'drummer's!' And, oh, be sure
That you don't forget to kindly see
That I'm decked with a badge of the U. C. T.

"Give me a head with a god-like poise,
Just like all the noble boys,
And orbs as keen as the eagle's eye,
To see every pretty girl passing by,
And the gift of gab in a perfect stream,
And a heart as big as the boundless sea—
The regular heart of a U. C. T.

"Give me the patience to be resigned
To the 'swell hotels' they so often find,
Where corncobs are stuffed in the pillow slips
And the festive bug of his rich blood sips;
Where the meat is made from leather soles,
And the nightmare kicks through his night's repose;
Where he pays for 'extras' of high degree
That are tacked to the bill of each U. C. T.

"Give me the polish and courtly mein
Of the most gallant Knight that e'er was seen,
And the courage superb and bearing fine
Of the 'Coeur de Lion' of olden time.
Give me a mind of the gentlest mould,
And a heart as pure as the purest gold—
For these are the points, 'twixt you and me,
That ennobles the boys of the U. C. T."

—L. Nnez Eden.

Do Salesmen Go to Heaven?

The devil came up to the earth one day
And into a buyer's room took his way,
Just as two salesmen (whose talks never fail)
Were proceeding to argue their points for a sale.
Now a salesman his majesty never had seen (?)
For to his domain none ever had been;
" 'Tis the fault of my agents," his majesty thought,
"That none of these C. T.'s have ever been caught."
And for his own pleasure he felt a desire
To come up on earth and the reason inquire.
Now when the first salesman had come to a close,
The second opposing him fearlessly rose
And heaped such abuse on the head of the first,
That he made him a villain; of all men, the worst,
Each claimed he was right, and the other was wrong;
They sparred and contended and argued so long,
That concluding he'd heard enough of the fuss
Old Nick turned away, and soliloquized thus:
"They've puzzled the buyer with their villianous cavil,
And I'm free to confess, they have puzzled the devil.
My agents were right; let the salesmen alone—
If I had THEM in Hades, I'd sure lose my throne."

Anna from Texarkana

Far off in Arkansas,
Where the alfalfa grows,
I've been looking for my honey,
Goodness knows!

And I'm going to wave a banner
When I find my little Anna—
Anna from Texarkana;
She is my Texas rose.

Tell Me a Country Story

Tell me a country story,
If you would give to me
Sincere and untold pleasure,
Of kindest sympathy;
One filled with old-time figures
Proclaiming childhood days,
With country birds and music,
With country elves and fays.

Tell me of lakes and mountains,
Of streamlets and of hills,
Of winding lanes and pathways,
Of sparkling moonlit rills;
I'm hungry for the country
And for its scenes I long,
So tell me a country story,
Oh, sing me a country song.

Please picture in your story
A scene of winter time,
Where frosty ice and snowflake
Make crisp the church bell's chime;
The snowclad hills and trees at night,
All glistening 'neath the glow
Of moon and stars, make glad the heart
Of him who loves the snow.

The little farmhouse on the hills,
The well not far away,
Have never left my memory,
I bid them always stay;
The old folks still abide there
Though far away I roam,
So tell me a country story,
A tale of Home, Sweet Home.

—Converse E. Nickerson.

John Rankin's Sermon

The minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
Why what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
"There's Brown, that miserable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve, than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner."

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by the sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake,
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of a man that gives
The loud amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and over-reachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter
For a man like Jones to swallow;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that, to holler.
Hurrah, says I for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And a'riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' pashion,
And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'
And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;
But man is a queer creation;
And I'm much afraid that most o' the folks
Wouldn't take the application.
Now if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sinnin',
I'd have gone to work t oright myself,
And not set there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister say's, says he,
"And now I have come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As sort of moral umbrellers.
Go home," says he, "and find your faults ,
Instead of huntin' your brother's;
Go home," saiy's he, "and wear the coats
You've tried to fit the others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots of smilin',
And lots of lookin' at our pew;
It sot my blood a-bilin'.
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him when meetin's out, that I
Aint at all that kind of a critter.

—Author Unknown.

Der Drummer

Who puts up at der pest hotel
Und dakes his oysters on der schell,
Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vas it gomes into mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on der vloor,
Und never schtsops to shut der door?
Der drummer.

Who takes me by der handt, und say,
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas today?"
Und goes vor peeseness rightd away?
Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me, "Look und see how nice?"
Und says I gets "der bottom price?"
Der drummer.

Who dell how cheap der goods vas bought,
Mooch less as vot I Gould imbort,
But lets dem go as he vas "short"?
Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine—
"Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine"—
Und sheats me den dimes oudt of nine?
Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his route,
Und ven dey gomes dey vas no goot?
Der drummer.

Who gomes aroundt ven I been oudt,
Drinks oup mine beer, und eats mine kraut,
Und kisses Katrina in der mout'?

Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
Vil hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes away?

Der drummer.

—Charles F. Adams.

That Baby

My mother thinks that baby's fine;
She says she couldn't do without him;
But I tell YOU if he was mine
I wouldn't make no fuss about him.
He isn't man enough to walk;
She has to sit around and hold him;
He slobbers when he tries to talk
And she don't ever even scold him.

I took him for a ride today
An' by an accident I spilled him.
It didn't hurt him none—but, say,
He hollered so you'd think I'd killed him.
That's him; he always acts like sin,
He's just a reg'lar mollycoddle;
I think we ought to trade him in
An' get a 1917 model!

—James J. Montague.

Somebody's Mother

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long
Alone, uncared-for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last one came of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group;
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."
Her aged hands on his strong young arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old, and poor, and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
And help my mother, you understand,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And "somebody's Mother" bowed her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God, be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy!"

Automobile Hymn

My auto, 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty—
of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you
two years ago, and now you quite refuse to
go, or won't or can't. Through town and coun-
tryside, you were my joy and pride—a happy
day. I loved thy gaudy hue, thy nice white
tires so new, but now you're down and out
for true in every way. To thee, old rattlebox,
came many bumps and knocks—for thee I
grieve. Badly thy top is torn, frayed are thy
seats and worn, the whooping cough affects
thy horn, I do believe. Thy perfume swells
the breeze while good folks choke and wheeze
as we pass by. I payed for thee a price
'twould buy a mansion twice, now everybody's
yelling "ice"—I wonder why? Thy motor has
the pip and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered
chills, ague and kindred ills, endeavoring to
pay my bills since thou wert mine. Gone is
my bank roll now, no more 'twould choke the
cow, as once before. Yet, if I had the mon,
so help me, John—amen—I'd buy myself a car
again and speed some more.—Selected.

Little Things

Go, little crumb of comfort,
I cast thee on the wave;
Perhaps within its waters,
You'll find a friendly grave.

A soft word gently spoken,
May soothe a restless soul,
So speed upon your mission,
Nor worry of the goal.

"Time flies," they say, my dear, and I
Am satisfied it's true;
But, goodness me! What makes it fly
So fast when I'm with you?

A Woman Who Understands

Somewhere she waits to make you win,
Your soul in her firm, white hands—
Somewhere the Gods have made for you
The woman who understands

As the tide went out she found him,
Lashed to the spar of despair—
The wreck of his ship around him,
The wreck of his dreams in the air—
Found him, and loved him, and gathered
The soul of him to her heart;
The soul that had sailed an uncharted sea—
The soul that had sought to win and be free—
The soul of which she was part;
And there in the dark she cried to the man:
"Win your battle—you can—you can!"

Helping and loving and guiding,
Urging when that was best;
Holding her fears in hiding
Deep in her quiet breast;
This is the woman who kept him
True to his standards lost—
When tossed in the storm of stress and strife,
He thought himself thru with the game of life
And ready to pay the cost;
Watching and guarding—whispering still,
"Win—you can—and I know you will!"

This is the story of the ages;
This is the woman's day;
Wiser than scores of sages,
Lifting us day by day;
Facing all things with a courage
Nothing can daunt or dim;
Treading life's path wherever it leads,
Lined with flowers or choked with weeds,
But ever with him—with him;
Guardian, comrade and golden spur,
The men who win her are helped by her.

Somewhere she waits, strong in belief,
Your soul in her firm white hands;
Thank well the Gods when she comes to you—
The woman who nuderstands.

—J. Appleton, in *Progress*.

Superstition

I made my resolutions
On January first;
I says, "Now, Mistah Satan,
Go on and do your worst.
I felt so proud an' happy
'Bout wut I'd went an' did,
My feet got kind o' keerless;
I suddenly backslid.

I's mighty disappointed;
I sho'ly never saw
Such no-count luck. Next winter
I'll tote my rabbit paw.
Jes' see dem resolutions
All piled up in a wreck!
When New Year comes on Friday—
Well, what kin you expect?

The Traveling Man

I remember the days when a barefooted boy,
In the village which witnessed my birth,
I was taught to believe that a traveling man
Represented the scum of the earth.

When ever a stranger appeared on the street,
Arrayed in a checkerboard vest;
With a coffin-nail stuck in the front of his face
And a "sparkler" astride of his chest;

With a razor-edged crease in the leg of his pants,
And his shoes of a dazzling tan;
And I'd say: "What on earth is the object I see?"
They would say: "It's a traveling man."

When a dutiful hubby came home just at dawn,
And was asked to account to his spouse
For the fact that his pins couldn't hold him erect
In charge of his beautiful "souse";

He'd look humble and meek, like a dog that had been licked.
And say: "Now, so help me Susanne,
I started for home at ten minutes to ten,
But—fell in with a traveling man."

When the Ladies' Aid met, to darn socks for the poor,
And peddle some scandle around,
Some old lady would say in a horrified tone,
"I've some new that will simply astound:

"Old Deacon Jones' girl has gone clean to the bad
(That hussy they call Mary Ann),
She was seen on the street after dark Tuesday night,
All alone, with a traveling man."

But I find that the law still permits them to live;
In fact they quite freely abound,
And they don't even quarantine virtue at all
When a traveling man happens around.

We have found that the species is human, in fact
Whose presence enlivens and cheers;
Who believes that a boost is worth more than a knock;
That a laugh has more value than tears.

We find him a friend when a friend is in need,
Who will never a kindness forget;
Whose heart is developed far more than his "mit"—
In short, a hail fellow well met.

Then here's to his future, and may it e'er be
As smooth as the unruffled brook;
Our hats off to him, and oft may he come
With his grip and his mileage book.

—Harry L. Wilson.

Laundry Marks

The laundry that they got from me
Was Marked quite plainly

C. R. B.

They sent it back; I wore that day
A collar owned by

R. A. J.

It went again; I had to try
To wear the shirts of

M. S. I.

Once more they took it off and so
I wear the things of

B. M. O.

Again, I wear now, I confess,
Pajamas meant for

S. G. S.

The last just broke this heart of mine;
I can't wear things marked Angeline.

—Chas. R. Barnes.

The Female of the Species Is the Uplift of the Male

Ever since the time of Adam,
When evil first began,
God's noblest masterpiece was called
The tempter of the man.

But man, the willing victim,
Ever ready for her call,
Would turn his back to virtue
And down to hell would fall.

And then returning from the pit,
He leaves the woman there,
For the female of the species
Is the only one to care.

Who bears her cross of sorrow,
The burden of his shame,
Whose pallid cheeks and timid lips
Are last to cast the blame?

When all the world turn from him,
Who is the last to dam?
'Tis the female of the species,
The uplift of the man.

Her council has been ever sought
By peasant, Prince and King,
And in the future as the past
Her praise will ever ring.

She points the way to manhood,
She leads in all that's right;
And in the future years to come
The world will know her might.

So build your marble monument
To honor, love and fame;
And on its scroll in purest gold
You'll carve the woman's name.

Deprive the man of woman,
He's a ship without a sail;
For the "female of the species"
Is essential to the male.

Search through history's pages
In the long-forgotten past,
And you'll find the name of woman
Where'er man's lot is cast.

You will find her as a helpmate,
And a willing worker, too.
You will find she bears the burden
Of the sins that man should rue.

Though man has been the tempter,
And oft proved himself a beast,
Yet upon her breast, in patient rest,
His sorrows find surcease.

The architect of manhood,
The builder with her plan.
"The female of the species"
Is the maker of the man,

All honor give to Kipling,
To Hall Caine and the rest,
But when a man seeks comfort
Then woman is his quest.

—Harry L. Richardson.

The Cigar Girl

She stands behind the counter with a condescending air,
A bouquet on her shoulder and a rose pinned in her hair.
Her voice is confidential, cajoling, low and sweet,
And when it comes to jollyng, this maiden can't be beat.

She spies you ere the bellboy with firm and "grasping" hand
Relieves you of the battered grip you carry thro the land,
And in that first glad moment (if you haven't met before)
Her dear eyes tell you mutely she's a creature to adore.

You write your name in eager haste upon the register,
And eagerly you make your way to the cigar case—and her.
She gives you just a careless glance that seems to be a bar
To further conversation as you buy your first cigar.

But all the time she's watching you from a most bewitching eye
To see if you are going to let a chance to flirt go by.
And you hand the fair one compliments in large and sugared
 chunks
Before you've seen your customer or opened up your trunks!

You spend an hour or so of time, likewise a lot of change.
The sight of business for awhile has got beyond your range,
Until you think you've captured what some other fellow's missed,
And mentally you place her upon your captured list!

Alas! Your dreams of conquest, as reluctantly you leave,
Turn quickly into nightmares as you jealously perceive
The maiden turn her soulful eyes and bestow her sweetest glance
On a sixty-year Lothario who has waited for a chance!

Oh, an actress isn't in it with the girl who sells cigars—
Not barring the burlesquers or the prima donna stars—
When it comes to winning favors from perennial traveling folk
Who enjoy a mild flirtation with a strong or medium smoke!

—J. S. Stunz.

City Glamor

Along the purpling city street,
Where slowly tugging at the mist,
The wet and gravid winds go by,
There in the heavy amethyst,
Caught in the blurry mush of fog,
Entangled in the haze of snow,
Like yellow, straining fireflies,
The arclights glow!

Before a flaring theater,
Splutters a flaunting orange light,
That scatters spray of gold about—
A rain of dreams upon the night!
And deep into the misty gloom,
And deep into the foggy air,
This dripping light—this fairy gold—
Is trickling everywhere!

And through the whirls of magic mist,
The clanging trolleys, lurching slow,
Are dragging splashy, trailing pools
Of molten gold across the snow.
Then vaguely through the purple haze,
The wraith-like autos, fitting night,
Shatter the mists with shafts of light
And swift swish by!

And oh, the swirling tides of faces,
Foaming about the corners, surge
And wildly seethe with swift desire,
Wildly with swift, impetuous urge—
Wildly they eddy in the mist,
White, oh, as foam in foam-white haze—
Tide upon spindrift tide of faces,
Passionate through the maze!

Louis Ginsberg, in *The Forum*.

The Candidate

He rambled into my camp one day and gave me a mean cigar;
He was James B. Leed, and a candidate for Assessor of Jackass
Bar;

He talked and talked; and it seemed to me, from all that I
heard him tell,
If I didn't swarm over and vote for him the country would go
to hell.

He mentioned the Land of the Free a lot, and the Home of the
Fair and Brave;
He wore a collar as white as snow, and I never saw such a
shave;
He spoke of the Spirit of Seventy-Six till I swear I could hear
the drum,
His form vibratin' with patriotism and smellin' of pure bay rum.

II

I went across on election day, as proud as a man could be;
And James B. Leed, all friendly smiles, he met and welcomed me.
He shook my hand and shed some tears and gave me a mean
cigar;
Then he led me up to the happy crowd that stood at the Palace
Bar.

I sang the songs of my native land and hollered for James B.
Leed;
I made a speech in the afternoon, which nobody seemed to heed;
And the last I knew, when the sun went down and two full
moons arose,
A half-breed gent from the Tomhead Gulch was drummin' upon
my nose.

III

Election day had come and gone. All Nature seemed to hush
And hold its breath when I woke up, 'way out in the high buck
brush;
The world went round and round and round; and up in a scrub-
oak tree
A cussed jaybird sat and sang, My Country 'Tis of Thee.

Then I went home. When I staggered in and looked at the dear
old place,
Each battered and rusty old tin can seemed just like a friendly
face;
My jackass sang a Welcome Home that shattered the startled
skies;
And I felt so glad when I heard him sing that the tears filled
up my eyes.

IV

Now I've wrote this here: "Dear James B. Leed, Esquire, of
Jackass Bar:
I drank your Crow and I ate your grub and I rastled with your
cigar;
I fought and bled and died for you, and hollered and wrecked
my throat;
But the day was short and I worked so hard that I didn't have
time to vote.
"I done the best that I could for you; but I wish that you'd
stay away
And leave me walkin' the paths of peace another election day;
For I'm not so young as I used to be. I'm through; but I wish
you well,
And I hope you don't blame me too much if the country has
gone to hell."

—Lowell Otus Reese.

The Grateful Man

He hit my camp on a rainy day,
A-comin' from God knows where,
With a busted place in his overalls
And burs in his tangled hair.
He wasn't a fop and he wasn't a dude;
But he surely was kind to me;
For he said that my method of cooking
Beans was the finest he ever see.

(Now don't forget that the hills are high
And the lone days wide between,
Till a man forgets that he's got a tongue
And his starvin' soul grows lean;
For God he put in the first man's heart
The longin' for human praise;
And down thro' the millions of changing
Years that hankerin' stays and stays.)

I bedded him down the best I could and
Showed him the whiskey jug;
I didn't sleep good on the ground that night,
But the stranger was warm and snug;
I didn't sleep good, but I didn't mind,
For I listened to what he said
When he swore that my blankets reminded
Him of his grandmother's feather bed.

Oh, he was the gratefulest man, I think,
That ever came up the Pass;
He praised my claim and he praised my grub,
And he bragged on my old jackass;
He praised the coffee I brought to him
Before he was out of bed,
Till my worn-out hat got far too small
For the size of my swelling head.

He stayed and stayed till the spring sun came
And the hill slopes all turned brown,
And the drab flood riffled the old sluice box
With the snow thaw comin' down;

Then he went away. I was needin' help,
For the bacon was low, you see,
And the slucin' water it don't last long;
But he'd been so kind to me——

He'd been so kind that I couldn't bear
To mention, you understand,
That I needed help; so he shed some tears
And gratefully shook my hand;
Then he borrowed my shevel and fryin' pan,
Tobacco and grub; and then
Went singin' away up the Trinity Fork,
And he never came back again.

He never came back; but he struck a lead
At the forks of the Little Bear—
A six-foot lead of the Peacock Blue,
And now he's a millionaire.
I met once, plumb face to face,
On the Red Bluff road last fall;
He looked my way as his car went by,
But he never saw me at all!

He never saw me; and my feelin's ached
As I stood in the dusty trail.
A cheery grin—it was all I asked—
And maybe a friendly hail;
For the hills are high and the days are long
And the lone times wide between;
I wanted a grin—and all I got
Was the stink of his gasoline.

Well, I suppose there's a lot of things,
When a feller's a millionaire,
That fill his mind till his poor old friends
Are crowded clean out of there;
Yet once he was terrible kind to me.
He's rich, and I sure am glad—
But I wish that he'd bring my old shovel back
For I'm needin' it mighty bad.

—By, Lowell Otus Reese.

A Woman's Way

CHAPTER I

She flattered him, fed him, smiled at him and amused him. She accepted all his excuses, admired him, and even seemed to adore him.

She advised him as he wished to be advised.

She made allowances for him, ambled with him and animated him.

She made him lemonade.

She wondered at his wit, she sang for him, danced for him and arranged the cushions for him so that he might be thoroughly comfortable.

She made cake for him, too.

She dressed for him, cheered him, waited for him, winked at him and welcomed him.

She also made fudge for him, and when the weather was hot she made him pineapple ices.

She looked up at him, cozened him and acquiesced also in the superiority of his intellect.

She giggled for him, tittered for him, and often said that his jokes would be the death of her.

She hurried for him, ran for him, stopped for him, and started again.

Also she ogled him, sighed at him and looked at him tenderly from the corners of her eyes.

She made huckleberry pie for him as well.

She filled his pipe. She lighted it.

She also lighted his cigarettes and took dainty little puffs to get him started.

She picked lint from his shoulder and put boutonnieres in his buttonhole.

She read to him, and also she flattered his name.

She looked at him, glanced at him, dropped her eyes, raised them, turned them, cast them up, rolled them, cast them down, opened them, closed them, twinkled them, flashed them and batted them soulfully—all for him.

She made Welsh rarebits for him. She murmured to him, breathed to him, observed to him and likewise remarked.

She agreed with him in everything—everything.

CHAPTER II

She married him.

CHAPTER III

And all the time she was laughing at him.

Down and Out

Once he was free and merry, with friends and coin galore,
For Fortune blessed him with her gifts, a dozen times or more.
He put no stress on money—it went just as it came,
He gave no thought to future, for in life he had no aim.
He fought with old John Barleycorn, many a heavy bout,
But John Barleycorn conquered—and now he's down and out.

His friends were ever welcomed, with a kind and cheery word,
He wined them and he dined them, like a Grand Duke or a Lord.
And he was ever ready to help a friend in need,
While his great heart beat with pity, when he did a kindly deed,
And he fought with old John Barleycorn, many a heavy bout;
But John Barleycorn conquered—and now he's down and out.

He lingered 'round the gambling hells, the sin-foul haunts of
shame,

He lost all sense of honor, he cared not for his name.
And down he went into the depths as far as man can go,
And life to him was blank and drear, for he had made it so.
He fought with old John Barleycorn, many a heavy bout;
But John Barleycorn conquered—and now he's down and out.

Now all his friends forsake him, they mix with him no more,
The friends that ever sponged on him, when he had coin galore.
They pass him by and never speak, while he does oft repent
For all his weak and wayward ways, that swallowed every cent.
He fought with old John Barleycorn, many a heavy bout;
But John Barleycorn conquered—and now he's down and out.

—M. C. Doran.

Foxes can talk if you know how to listen,

My paw said so.

Owls have big eyes that sparkle an' glisten,

My paw said so.

Bears can turn flip-flaps an' climb eilum trees,

An' steal all the honey away from the bees,

An' they never mind winter becoz they don't freeze;

My paw said so.

—Edgar Guest.

Texas Ranger

Come all you Texas Rangers,
Where ever you may be;
I will tell you of some trouble
That happened unto me.

My name is nothing extra,
And that I will not tell;
I am a roving ranger,
And I sure wish you well.

It was at the age of sixteen
I joined this jolly band,
To march from San Antonio
Unto the Rio Grande.

Our captain he informed us,
Perhaps he thought it right—
“Before you gain that station,”
Said he, “boys you’ll have to fight.”

I heard the bugle sounding,
Our captain gave command;
“To arms! To arms!” he shouted,
“And by your horses stand.”

I saw the Indians coming;
I heard them raise the yell;
My feelings at that moment
No tongue could ever tell.

I saw the glittering lances;
Their arrows ’round me hailed;
My heart, it sank within me,
And my courage almost failed,

We fought for nine long hours
Before the strife was o’er;
The like of dead and wounded
I never saw before.

Five as brave and noble rangers
As ever roamed the West,
Were buried by their comrades;
Sweet be their rest!

I thought of my good mother
Who in tears to me did say:
"To you they are all strangers;
With me you had better stay!"

I thought her old and childish;
The best she did not know;
My mind was fixed on ranging
And I was bound to go.

Perhaps you have a mother,
Likewise a sister, too;
And maybe a sweetheart,
To weep and mourn for you.

This being the situation,
Altho' you love to roam,
I would advise you, by experience,
You'd better stay at home.

As You and I

A fool there was and he went away.

(Even as you and I.)

He took an outing and swore he'd stay,

(Even as you and I.)

But the beds were hard and the grub was tough;

The climate rotten, the boarders rough,

And in one week he had enough,

(Even as you and I.)

A Drummer's Dream

One night a drummer dreamed a dream,
And dreaming, dreamed he died,
And straightway to the pearly gates,
His sin-stained spirit hied.
And there before the Saint he stood,
With downcast head, and low.
"My record is pretty rank," he said,
"I guess I'm bound below.
I've smoked a lot; I've drank a lot—
Confess it all, I must;
And flirted, too, and then, besides,
Great Heavens, how I've cussed."
The good Saint Peter looked at him,
With kindly smiling eyes;
But shook his head. "Don't ask," he said,
"For a mansion in the skies;
But let me ask one question, sir:
Are you a traveling man?"

The drummer bowed, and in this strain
The aged Saint began:
"You've gotten up at 4 a. m.,
And chased a train a mile,
And the train crew's jibes and jeers
A-sounding all the while,
Then you've found, as usual,
The time card played its tricks;
You've chased the wrong train once again—
Yours goes out at six.
You've taken some gay merchant out
And spent a ten or more;
And then he calmly says he bought
His goods the day before.
You've spent your life at bad hotels,
And eaten still worse meals,
With oleo and waiter girls
All run down at the heels.

"You've had your letters sent astray,
Your trunks have wandered, too;
With porters, clerks and baggage men,
You're in a constant stew;
And once a month you've seen your wife;
Now tell me, is it so?"
"It is," replied the drummer,
As he took his hat to go.
"All well," said good Saint Peter,
As he spread the portals wide,
"I'm very glad to meet you, sir;
Kindly step inside.
You've served your time in hades,
For you've been a traveling man."

Wisdoms While You Wait

A good husband is only a good son grown up.
The world wants good men and wants them bad.
Roll up your shirt sleeves to roll up wealth.
A narrow goodness is an ineffectual goodness.
Irritation is the fruitful mother of prejudice.
Character is the resultant of all life's choices.
Sympathy that never "gets busy" amounts to little.
The primary obligation of the present day is courage.
You can usually tell a man's sort by what he laughs at.
Nothing is silent in this world. There's only Deafness.
Most present difficulties have their solutions in the past.
The main difference in houses lies in who's living in them.
Admit that you're down and you treble the obstacles to getting up.

You'll never learn more than you know without venturing something.

If right, you can afford to keep your temper; if wrong, you can't afford to lose it.

Purpose without power is of about as much use to a community as plot to a musical comedy.

It's Life

If your plans go wrong,
As they sometimes will,
And the hours seem long
As you climb the hill;
Remember, my friend,
'Tis a part you play.
You'll find in the end
A brighter day.
It's Life.

If a heart grows cold
That warmed to you,
And a friend you hold
To be staunch and true
Has faithless turned,
Take heart, my friend;
'Tis a lesson learned,
With a bitter end.
It's Life.

You may win great fame
And wealth today,
Or taste of shame
And deep dicmay.
You may lose or gain,
May rise or fall,
Both joy and pain
Must come to all.
It's Life.

For every smile
There is a tear;
For every mile
Both hope and fear;
When some are gay
Some must be sad;
Along our way
Are good and bad.
It's Life.

Whate'er may be
Your share of woe
Next day may see
You come to know
A joyful heart
And perfect rest;
So play your part
And do your best.
It's Life.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Camping

Ever camp?
Ever sleep out in the damp
By a creek
While the fever and the chills
Gave your spinal column thrills
For a week?

Ever camp?
Ever use a spirit lamp
For your meals?
Ever eat on rotten logs?
Ever board a lot of hogs?
With their squeals?

Ever camp?
Ever sojourn in a swamp
With some boys?
If you have been through the strife
You are posted on camp life
With its joys.

The Blue and the Gray

By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day—
Under the one, the Blue,
 Under the other, the Gray.

Those in the robings of glory,
 These in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew ,
 Waiting the judgment day—
Under the laurel, the Blue,
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
 Alike for the friend and the foe.
Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day—
Under the roses, the Blue,
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
 The morning sun rays fall
With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day—
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
 Mellow with gold, the Gray.

So when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of rain.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of years that are fading
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Nor the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—Francis Miles Finch.

Value of Friends

You do surely bar the door
Upon your own liberty,
If you deny your griefs
To your friends.

—Shakespeare.

Repetition

The baby's got a skeeter-bite
Upon one wee pink heel,
And dad has got to kiss it
Once or twice to make it feel
Like it ought to; and the other
Says a fairy tale is due
Ere she settles down for slumber
" 'Tause you know you promised to."

Then the skeeter-bite is better
And the fairy tale is told,
Kisses for the sleepy baby,
Kisses for the six-year-old,
Stories whispered at the bedside
While their daddy holds their hands,
Stories of a fairy princess,
Stories of far fairy lands.

And they drift away to slumber
Like rose petals on a breeze,
With gold hair across the pillow
With their plump and dimpled knees
Peeking through the fleecy nighties
With their chubby arms flung wide,
And beyond the story-telling
Daddy lingers by their side.

Down the years that wait their telling
Memories of nights like these
Shall come to them, when their babies
Poke their little dimpled knees
Through the self-same sort of nighties
They are snuggled in tonight,
And they sit beside them waiting
To put out the bedroom light.

And they'll see their daddy, sitting
As he sits now by their side,
Kissing them and telling stories
To his babies sleepy-eyed,
And they'll hear across the distance
Once again the world-old tune
That their mother, while she holds them
Snuggled to her loves to croon.

Babies are the same forever—
Daddy stories of today
Are the same the daddies told to
Children half the world away,
Back in ages long forgotten,
Back past year piled up on year,
And always the mother-loving
Holds the baby just as dear.

—Judd Mortimer Lewis.

Sing Me to Sleep

Sing me to sleep, the shadows fall,
Let me forget this world and all.
Tired in my heart, the day is long,
Would that it soon were even' song.
Sing me to sleep, your hand in mine,
Your fingers as if in prayer entwine,
Only your voice, love, let me hear,
Singing to tell me that you are near.

Sing me to sleep, love, you alone
Happy my heart will feel no pain,
Seemed to be left me for my own;
When I awake from sleep again,
Sing me to sleep and let me rest,
Of all the world, I love you best;
Nothing is faithful, nothing true
In heaven and earth but God and You.

—Unidentified.

The First Snowfall

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Corsara
Come Chanticleer's muffled crow.
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in Sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our little Mable,
Saying: "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told her of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow fall
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o're our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from the cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep plunge woe.

And again to the child I whispered:
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

—Henry Butler.

Say Nothing

If you see a fellow's mad
Say nothin'.

If he looks as if he's bad,
Say nothin'.

When a fellow's in a stew
And he's "bilin'" thro and thro,
You will find it's best that you
Say nothin'.

If an auto passes by
Say nothin'.
Looks as if it wants to fly
Say nothin'.
Just as it is going to pass,
If it stops for want of gass,
To escape the chauffeur's sass
Say nothin'.

If your wife's a little cross
Say nothin'.
You are not exactly boss,
Say nothin'.
If she hands your steak out tough
And she treats you pretty rough,
Chances are it's good enough,
Say nothin'.

—T. Andrew Bradley.

Knights of the Grip

We've a lot of fine men in our city today
And their title is on every lip,
They are here on a visit, they don't come to stay,
We refer to the Knights of the Grip.

But we hear sad, bad things sometimes said of the boys,
That their footsteps are oft known to slip,
That they shirk all life's burdens, and seize all its joys,
These frolicksome Knights of the Grip.

We are told they've a wife at each end of the route,
That they find a new girl on each trip,
That in matters of eating they're hard men to suit,
These frolicksome Knights of the Grip.

We have heard many things far too bad to repeat,
But just let me give you a tip:
Those who best know the boys know they hate all deceit,
For they're good men, these Knights of the Grip.

When a man's on the road with his worries and joys,
If you take just one peep in his grip,
You'll find there a likeness of "Wife" and "The Boys"
That is dear to the Knight of the Grip.

In the dark, lonely hours when he bumps o'er the rail,
And hopes that the wheels will not slip,
He dreams of the daylight, which brings the home mail
To the wandering Knight of the Grip.

And his heart sings with joy, tho' he's in the top berth,
And he's lame both in shoulder and hip,
For it's true there's no man on the top of God's earth
Loves his home like the Knight of the Grip.

He is kind to the helpless, the hungry, the poor,
To some one he does good on each trip,
And no man who's deserving is turned from the door
Of the big hearted Knight of the Grip.

So here's to the order, the Grand U. C. T.—
Put the full brimming glass to the lip;
Drink success to the Salesman where ever he be,
Health and Wealth to the Knight of the Grip.

—Mrs. L. F. Haupt.
Burlington, Kans.

The Smiler

There's an idiotic fellow, whom I meet where'er I go;
He's the crazy kind of fellow all the little children know.
You wouldn't think him silly from his manner nor his style;
Still, it seems, he must be foolish, for he always wears a smile.

When the way is long and weary and the load is hard to bear;
When you're weighted down with trouble and there's no one
seems to care,
That's the time this foolish fellow comes a-singing up the road,
With a word and smile to cheer you and to help you with your
load.

With his smiling "Back up, partner, 'cause we're bound to pull
it thru.
Tho your load's too big for one man, it's a little load for two."
And you feel yourself uplifted with the strength to play your part.
With his arm to aid your body and his smile to brace your heart.

No, he hasn't got ambition, but his life-work never ends;
He knows a million people, and he's got a million friends.
He doesn't strive for fame and wealth, he hasn't got a goal;
He's just a simple fellow, with God's sunshine in his soul.

Yes, he's just a foolish fellow, with the eyes that can not see
All the misery and sadness that are plain to you and me,
But he knows the joy of living, all that makes the world worth
while;
And I'd like to be as foolish as the man behind the smile.

“Hello, Central!”

Hello, Central! Hello, Central!
Give we two-eight-five-four-two;
I've been waiting half an hour,
What the deuce is ailing you?
Hello, dear! Is that you, honey?
No? Excuse me, madam, pray!
Guess she gave me the wrong number;
(Drat that fool girl, anyway!)

Hello, Central! Hello, Central!
Say, you got me in a boat!
That was not my wife you gave me;
(Gee, that girl just gets my goat!)
No, 'twas two-eight-five-four-two, dear,
Not two-six-five-seven-three;
Get it right this time, confound it,
Or you bet you'll hear from me!

Hello, Central! Hello, Central!
Line is busy? (Drat this phone!)
What's that? Am I SWEARING at you?
Well, I'll use a milder tone.
Now please see if you can get me
Two-eight-five-four-two once more;
I am in an awful hurry;
Customers are here galors!

Hello, Central! Hello, Central!
Have you been to sleep again?
Will you kindly get my number?
Well, please let me know just when!
Hello, sweetheart; this is Billy;
You don't know who "BILLY" is?
Well, if that girl isn't crazy,
I'd just like to know who is!

Hello, Central! Hello, Central!

Blank this blank-dashed blanked machine!

Gee, this service is blamed rotten!

Worst, by heck, I've ever seen!

Hello, Central! Hello, Central!

(Wouldn't that just jar you some?)

——?——!——??? I'll try it later;

Guess she's busy chewing gum!

—E. A. Brininstool.

Long, Long Ago

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear

Long, long ago, long, long ago;

Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,

Long, long ago, long ago.

Now you are come, all my grief is removed;

Let me forget that so long you have roved;

Let me believe that love as you loved

Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met,

Long, long ago, long, long ago?

Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,

Long, long ago, long ago.

Then, to all others my smile you preferred;

Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word;

Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,

Long, long ago, long ago.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,

Long, long ago, long, long ago;

You by more eloquent lips have been praised,

Long, long ago, long ago.

But by long absence your truth has been tried;

Still to your accents I listen with pride;

Blest as I was when I sat by your side,

Long, long ago, long ago.

—Eugene Hall's "Old Settlers' Meetin.."

Jes' Common Folks

Jes' common folks, now them's the kind for me—
The kind that thrives on bacon an' on hopin'—
Their own make, too! an' allus seem t' see
Enuf on earth without their ever gropin'
Around the skies for beauty an' for themes
Because some dad-burned poet tells 'em to.
But git enuff of love an' pleasant dreams
Right here on earth, as mortals do!

Jes' common folks with mebbe three or four—
Or mebbe 'leven——young uns on verandy.
An' coondogs, too, a-hangin' 'round the door
With one eye shut, a-keepin' sort o' handy;
Jes' simple folks—jes' simple thru an' thru!—
Who walks behind the reg'lar rank an' file
An' never seem t' have no work t' do
'Cept grab your hand an' say "Hello" an' smile.

Jes' common folks with sympathies as deep
As heaven's love or poet's "well o' passion."
Who'll turn a hand t' help y' sow or reap,
Or bury y' or help y' do your thrashin';
Who'll stick t' you when sorrow comes your way,
An' bury kin or help t' lay 'em out,
An' all they ask in way of any pay
Is when it's time you'll sort o' turn about.

Jes' common folks! Lord bless their happy kind,
An' prosper 'em an' all their pore relations—
I jes' defy the world an' all t' find
Their betters 'mongst the folks of wealth and station!
An' I know what I'm sayin', for, y' see,
There's lots of common folks where I was riz,
An' knowin' 'em as I do, seems t' me
That common folks is biggest bugs they is!

—Buffalo News.

The Cowboy's Prayer

O, Lord I've never lived where churches grow;
I love creation better as it stood
And looked upon your work and called it good.
I know that others find you in the light
That's sifted down through tinted window panes,
And yet, I seem to feel you near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank you, Lord, that I am placed so well;
That you have made my freedom so complete;
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock and bell,
Or weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street,
Just let me live my life as I've begun,
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a pardner of the wind and sun
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down -
And make me square and generous with all;
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let them say I'm mean or small.
Make me as big and open as the plains;
As honest as the horse between my knees;
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains;
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze.

Forgive me, Lord, when sometimes I forget;
You understand the reasons that are hid.
You know about the things that gall and fret;
You know me better than my mother did.
Just keep an eye on all's that done and said;
Just right me sometimes when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long ,dim trail ahead,
That reaches upward toward the Great Divide.

Charles B. Clark, Jr.

A Shakespeare Romance

1. Who were the lovers?
Romeo and Juliet.
2. What was their courtship like?
Midsummer Night's Dream.
3. What was her answer to his proposal?
As you like it.
4. At what time of the month were they married?
Twelfth Night.
5. Of whom did he buy the ring?
Merchant of Venice.
6. Who were best man and maid of honor?
Antony and Cleopatra.
7. Who were the ushers?
The two gentlemen of Verona.
8. Who gave the reception?
Merry Wives of Windsor.
9. In what kind of a place did they live?
Hamlet.
10. What was her disposition like?
The Tempest.
11. What was his chief occupation after marriage?
Taming the Shrew.
12. What caused their first quarrel?
Much Ado About Nothing.
13. What did their courtship prove to be?
Love's Labor Lost.
14. What did their married life resemble?
A Comedy of Errors.
15. What did they give each other?
Measure for Measure.
16. What Roman ruler brought about a reconciliation?
Julius Caesar.
17. What did their friends say?
All's Well that Ends Well.

Amelia

Take the hammock down;
We are through with it this year.
The trees are shedding leaves like sin;
The skies are bleak and drear.
And take the shovel and the broom
And sweep below with care—
You never know what they have lost,
The people sitting there.

It may be just a pint of pins;
A cigarette or so;
A hatpin and a handkerchief,
Or maybe, there below
Will be some wads of chewing gum,
A little velvet bow—
For hammocks are collective things,
And this is Fall, you know.

—By News Staff Poet.

Spring Tragedies

I remember, I remember,
When life was young and sweet,
We played our childish baseball games
Upon the narrow street.
The world was full of music then—
One long and glad refrain,
Except when some one hit a foul
And broke a window pane.

The tinkle of the window pane
Was like a song of woe.
It made us beat it from the scene
And caused our tears to flow.
The broken window pane itself
Was not what made us sad,
But when we broke a window pane we lost
The only ball we had.

The Happy-Day Club

It's easy enough to be pleasant

When life's like a garden of roses,

But the man worth while

Is the chap who can smile

When his note for two hundred and fifty dollars falls
due on the day after his bills for the plumber, the
coal man, and his wife's Easter hat

Come along!

It's easy enough to be cheery

When life is a huge mince pie,

But the man who wins

Is the fellow who grins

When he starts out on a bright spring morning, arrayed
in his finest regalia, and by noon finds a torrent
of April rain, a February snow storm and a March
wind playing hide-and-seek with his brand-new
Beaver hat!

It's easy enough to be jolly

When life's like a lover's chat,

But the man for us

Is the chap who don't cuss

When he goes off for the summer to get a good rest and
finds he has to pay seven hallboys, two head wait-
ers, three waitresses, six porters, eight chamber-
maids and fourteen assorted but dignified tip-
chasers twenty cents a day apiece or suffer the
icy eye!

It's easy enough to be jocund

When life runs on like a song,

But the chap we prize

Holds a smile in his eyes

When a coy old maid of thirty-nine summers and forty-
eight winters, with peroxide locks and a complexion
fresh every hour, having the ways of a kitten and
the temper of its mother, gets him off in a corner
on a dark leap-year night

And proposes!

—A. Sufferan Man.

Malefactors of Great Wealth

The whole world seems
Brimfull of cheer,
The time the kids
Dreams of is here—
Or nearly here—
A few days more
And Santa Claus
Will make a score,
Then Santa Claus
Will fill wee socks
With dolls and guns
And building blocks,
And horns and things
The kids love so,
And then he'll shake
His bells and go
Off on his way,
Behind the hoofs
Of his reindeer
And then old Christmas
Won't be here
Until we live
Another year.
But there'll be empty
Stockings, too,
An' that's the thing
That makes me blue!
For it just makes
My anger rise
When I see tears
In baby's eyes!
I wish I had
A bunch of strings
On them who raise
The cost of things,
I'd yank them so
I'd shake 'em free
From all the wealth
They've stole, by gee!
For they are thieves!
They are, because
They'd rob the kids
Of Santa Claus!
I'd give them—they
Make me so hot—
What the Thanksgivin'
Turkey got.

—By Judd Mortimer Lewis.

Do Right

Do right 'tho pain and anguish be thy lot—
Thy heart will cheer thee when the pain's forgot.
Do wrong for pleasure's sake, then count the gains—
The pleasure soon departs, the sin remains.

—Bishop Shuttleworth.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those in house glass
Should never throw a stone.

If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried.
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.

Some may have faults, and who has not?
The old as well as young.
We may perhaps, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

Then let us pause when we commence
To slander friend or foe;
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.

—Eva Geralde.

Enough

Oh, what is enough for one, my dear,
Is always enough for two.
The stars and the noonday sun, my love,
Will satisfy me and you.
One roof is enough to cover us twain,
One little umbrella for the days of rain,
One little love-song with a soft refrain
Will certainly nicely do.

Oh, what is enough for one, my love,
Is always enough for two.
There's heat enough in a ton, my love,
For any fond lovers true.
One cozy parlor will serve us well,
One dining-room, with one dinner-bell,
And one little cook and a hired "gel,"
Will carry us nicely through.

Oh, what is enough for one, my love,
Is always enough for two.
And when the old day is done, my love,
I'll prove it with joy to you.
I'll show you how one little chair
Holds plenty of room, and some to spare,
At twilight time for a loving pair
Who knows how to bill and coo.

Yes, what is enough for one, my love,
Is always enough for two.
In troubled time or in fun, my love,
One portion will always do.
One dear little home with one front door,
One sweet little sea by the moonlit shore,
One heart, one soul, one mother-in-law,
Is ample for me adn you!

Traveling Men's Prayer

Father in heaven: Forgive Us for doing that which We know is wrong. We ask Thee to keep Our feet in the straight and narrow path which goeth from the Hotel to the Depot. Forbid that we should flirt with the pretty girls of the different towns and territories, for Thou knowest that We have Our weaknesses and misfortunes; also that We have a Wife and Children at home that sometimes pray for bread. Make Our stomachs as an earthen vessel, lest the food We eat each day will not digest and We become as old men, without memory and without manhood. Give Us grace to pay the \$2.00 each day for which We and Thou knoweth it is not worth. Make Our skins to become as the skins of Alligators that We may not feel the stings of the Flea and the Bedbug, which certainly dwell in our midst. Harden Our hearts to the wiles of the married women and forbid that We should make dates with them for verily Thou hast said We know not the day nor the hour that their Husbands cometh like a thief in the night, lo, even when We are unprepared to go out into the cold and snow where no man goeth except when he's full dressed. Now soften the hearts of the Merchants that We may call on each day, that they may give Us orders, for Thou knowest lest We get orders We get fired. Take away Our conscience that We may tell the dealers something We know is not the truth in order that Our Business may look as big as Our Expense Account. Guide Us now in making out Our Swindle Sheet and be with Us in Our Lead Pencil Graft, for verily the Boss has said unto him that doeth those things in his sight will be cursed and cast out into utter darkness without salary and without rating. Amen.

Among His Own People

A PROPHET is honorless, so we are told,
In the places where prophets are bred.
There's fact in this threadbare tradition of old,
Yet much of the truth is unsaid.

The I-knew-him-whens in the place where one grew
Are slower, perchance, to discern
The greatness of one whom they earlier knew,
Ere life took its fortune turn.

But wait till the world has grown tired of the man
It worshiped as hero a while!
He may turn to the place where his sojourn began,
Assured of a welcoming smile.

The welcome will not be conditioned upon
His doing great things—not at all!
They'll treat him the same as before he had gone
To answer the world's fickle call.

They knew Johnny Brown as "old Billy Bronw's boy—
The world knows John Brown on a throne;
They'll know, when the world has discarded its toy,
The same Johnny Brown they had known.

They'll know him and love him for things that the rest
Had never discovered at all;
The faithful old friends at the last are the best,
When a man has his back to the wall!

—Strickland Gillilan.

What a Mother Does

No one knows what a mother has done,
No one knows of it, little son!
No one knows of it all till at last
When her summer of beauty and grace has past,
Till her feet are weary, her hands at rest,
And we come with a wreath for her tender breast!

No one knows all her trouble and care,
No one knows what she's had to bear;
No one knows what a soldier of light
She has been in her quiet, sweet effort for right;
No one knows till she's entered in
All that she's suffered and all she's given—
Not for the glory of life and its din—
But just for her little sweet place in heaven!

No one knows what a mother has done,
No one knows of it, little son;
No one knows what a burden she's borne,
No one knows how she's battled with scorn,
And fought with error, and made our way
Soft as the sweet of a springtime morn,
While she grew wrinkled and old and gray
That we might have more of life's good green May.

No one knows till her work it o'er,
No one knows what it was she bore;
No one knows till the quiet hour
When God comes down in His silent grace
And fixes her brow till it seems a flower,
And His wonderful beauty is on her face!

Love Inexpressible

If I could only speak, dear,
The love that's in my heart!
But, ah, the words are weak, dear,
And will not do their part.
My swiftest measures halt, dear,
Unsteady and untrue,
And all my art's at fault, dear,
To tell my love for you.

If I could only speak, dear,
My happy heart's excess!
But vain—in vain I seek, dear,
My passion to express.
Full many a pretty thing, dear,
I've known my rhymes to do,
But why—why don't they sing, dear,
My tender love for you?
—McCarthy, in N. Y. Sun.

Do It Now

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,
If you like him or you love him, tell him now.
Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration
And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;
For no matter how you shout it he won't really care about it;
He won't know how many tear drops you have shed;
If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to
him,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and
sunny
And the hearty, warm approval of a friend,
For it gives to life a savor and it makes you stronger, braver,
And it gives you heart and spirit to the end;
If he earns your praise, bestow it; if you like him let him know it;
Let the words of true encouragement be said;
Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

Our Own

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart would cease!
How many come forth in the morning
Who never go home at night,
And hearts have been broken for harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lip with the curve impatient;
Ah, brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

—Margaret Sangster.

Real Goblins

Once there was a little girl
Who tried to smuggle things
And when the dock inspectors came
She up and hid her rings;
And when they asked her what she had
She just said: "Nuthin' sir!"
Although she knew it wasn't true—
She had 'em all on her,
And when they had her searched, O my!
They found 'em in her hair—
And the customs men'll get you
Ef you don't de-clare.

Then there was a little boy
Who bought a lot of clothes,
And handkerchiefs and shirts and things
And underwear and hose;
And as he landed on the dock
He looked just like a saint.
When asked if he'd bought things abroad
He said, "No, sir, I didn't!"
But when they opened up his trunks
The things they found in there—
And the customs men'll get you
Ef you don't de-clare.

—New York Times.

If Love Were Always Laughter

If love were always laughter
And grief were always tears,
With nothing to come after
To mark the waiting years,
I'd pray a life of love to you,
Sent down from heaven above to you,
And never grief come near to you,
To spread its shadow, dear, to you,
If love were always laughter
And grief were always tears.

But grief brings often laughter,
And love, ah, love brings tears!
And both leave ever after
Their blessings on the years!
So I, dear heart, would sue for you
A mingling of the two for you,
That grief may lend its calm to you,
And love may send its balm to you—
For grief brings often laughter
And love brings often tears.

—Annie Johnston Crim.

Forget It

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet and guarded and kept from the day,
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display,
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy,
A fellow or cause any gladness to clay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

—Judd Mortimer Lewis.

The Villain

The gods up in the gallery delight to wield the hammer
Upon the villain in the good old weepy melodrammer.
The hero gets the wild applause, the bouquets and the kisses;
The villain's portion is a bunch of loud and angry hisses.
He plays a part in "Little Kate, the Garbage Burner's Daughter,"
Persues the maid with fiendish sort of cunning till he's caught her.
And then he hisses in her ear: "Ha, ha! me haughty beauty,
You'll wed me or I'll take the farm; it is your solemn duty."
The hero, who has had a tip upon the villain's capers,
Steps in and strikes an attitude and says, "Give me them papers!"
A fight ensues that makes the Gans and Nelson bout look sickly;
The villain stabs the hero in the solar plexus quickly,
And throws his body over the cliff in manner most dramatic,
The while pronouncing maledictions cruel and emphatic.

But when he gets home from the show this brave fire-eating villain
Is quite a different person with no plots and plans for killin'.
He quails whene'er his wife picks up a rolling pin or poker;
In the domestic deck of cards he's looked on as a joker.
He dare not fire the hired girl or argue with the plumber,
Or tell the iceman to go to the realm of constant summer.
Though on the stage he robbed a bank and got a wad of money,
If he can make his wife give him 5 cents at home, it's funny.
Though at the matinee he won by plot a girl's affection,
At home he dare not bat an eye in any maid's direction.
Upon the stage his feats of strength cause him to be admired;
At home the mere suggestion of a woodpile makes him tired.
In other words, this howling fiend who sends stage persons fleeing
Is nothing more or less than just a common human being.

Under the Evening Lamp

"Daddy, where does the summertime go?"

Go ask your ma!"

"What would we have if we didn't have snow?"

Go ask your ma!"

"How do they put all the pits into plums?"

"Santa Claus makes all the dollies and drums,

"Don't he, pa? Why ain't our fingers all thumbs?"

Go ask your ma!"

"Why is the pig's tail all twisted and curled?"

Go ask your ma!"

"Why don't we ever fall off the world?"

Go ask your ma!"

"Don't people ever breathe nuthin' but air?"

"Where does the shadows go, up on the stair,

When there ain't nuthin' nor nobody there?"

Go ask your ma!"

"Who were the very first parunts of all?"

Go ask your ma!"

"Did they never have parunts a' tall?"

Go ask your ma!"

"How did it happen that you come to stay

Here in the house with ma every day?

Which of you started it, anyway? Say?

"GO ASK YOUR MA!"

—Buffalo News.

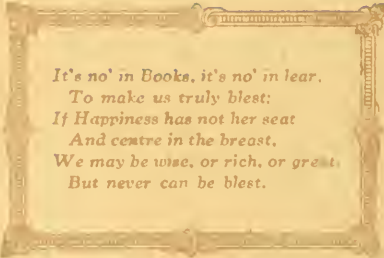
Inside

Get this, my brother, and get it straight—
It's a mighty good thing to know—
A guy may always be up to date
In the clothes he's got to show,
A regular dude in the way he's dressed ,
Yet a man of a first-rate wold;
For under many a full-dress vest
Is beating a heart of gold!

'Taint always the chap in the flannel shirt
That's all that he'd ought to be;
Sometimes he's nothing but common dirt
And a bum of low degree.
Broadcloth's honest at times, I've found,
And frequently rags are not,
As you'll learn, no doubt, if you bang around
And study the world a lot.

So size your man by his ways and speech
And the fashion he does his work;
For many a man with a six-foot reach
Has the soul of a ribbon clerk;
And many a rough-clad guy's a pest
And a sneak and a crook, all told;
While often under a full-dress vest
Is beating a heart of gold!

—Berton Braley.

A decorative rectangular frame with ornate, symmetrical corner and side motifs, enclosing the text.

*It's no' in Books, it's no' in lear,
To make us truly blest;
If Happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.*